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A Cross.

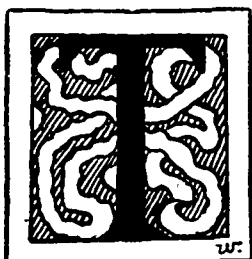
HERBERT MEDCALF, '03.

IN early morn I rose, and looking east
To where the dawn was breaking silver gray,
I saw, outlined against the sky, a cross
Upreared as though to consecrate the day.

And seeing this, I thought how every act
Of man throughout the world from sun to sun
Should bear upon its face this sacred sign
Of consecration to the Holy One.

Elizabethan and Modern Drama.

ROBERT E. HANLEY, '03.



THE casual observer of the contemporary drama and of the interest manifested in it by the people, might be induced to conclude that in our day dramatic art has attained its highest degree of excellence. If by dramatic art we mean elaborate scenic effects or highly perfected stage mechanism, then the assumption would undoubtedly be correct; but if on the other hand, we mean literary skill, depth of passion, and a logical sequence of action, there can, of course, be no question as to the inferiority of the modern drama compared with that of the time of Elizabeth.

Nowadays the accessories of the drama often obscure the drama itself, and instead of being broadened intellectually, we often behold a series of spectacular effects, interspersed here and there with a bit of conversation, introduced, it would appear, for the purpose of relieving the eyes and for preparing them for the next outburst of red-fire realism. All modern playwrights do not have recourse

to this stage thunder in order to make a play consume two hours and a half, but on the contrary some of the best known dramatists of our day build plays which are largely composed of dialogue. Some of this dialogue is undoubtedly clever, but cleverness is not depth, and a psychological dissection of depraved motives is not the true passion which is one of the requisites of the drama. The so-called "problem play," which is predominant on our stage to-day, is as far from being the true exponent of dramatic art as were the lewd bacchanalian choruses the true type of the classical Greek drama of Æschylus and Sophocles. That Shakspeare and his contemporaries are often coarse and vulgar can not be denied; but before condemning these gentlemen as obscene vulgarians we must remember that they should be judged by the standard of taste prevailing in their own age; a standard which was not nearly so refined or polished as that which exists now. Bluntness and directness were everywhere in evidence, and forms of speech which to-day would raise a storm of virtuous indignation, would then have passed unnoticed. Objectionable as some of Marlowe's plays were, when we consider the manners of the age in which they were written, they are no worse than the "problem plays" which are acted to-day and which, we are told, are not immoral, but simply a psychological study. This latter sort of play is unnatural, artificial, and savours more of the dissecting-room than the stage. Like other forms of art, the drama has for its end the betterment and uplifting of society, and when it fails to do this it falls short of its purpose and ceases to be art. Granting this to be true, it would appear that many modern dramatists shoot at the mark with slackened bow, and the arrow instead of firmly imbedding itself in the target at which it is directed, falls short and lands in the intervening mire.

Taking into consideration the actual presen-

tation of the drama as it occurred in Shakspeare's time, we are compelled to grant that it was the matter of the play and not elaborateness of stage setting that held the attention of Elizabethan audiences. In the days of Elizabeth the fashionable dinner hour being eleven o'clock, the usual time for beginning a theatrical performance was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. The difficulty of having sufficient illumination at night was the reason why plays were produced in the afternoon. Theatricals were once presented in the courtyard of inns, and when the permanent theatre came into existence the centre or pit was open to the sky and only the boxes were under cover. The rabble or the "groundlings" occupied the pit, while the boxes contained the better class; there

".... A man shall not be choked
With the smell of garlic, nor be pasted
To the barny jacket of a beer-brewer."

On the stage itself were placed stools from which the elite viewed the production. We are told that the principal occupation of these persons was to eat fruit, smoke, and make sport of the actors. Sir John Davies' epigrams contain the following:

Rufus, the courtier, at the theatre,
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage himself transfer,
Or through a grate doth show his double face:
For that the clamorous fry of Inns of Court
Fills up the private rooms of greater price;
And such a place where all may have resort,
He in his singularity doth despise.

Scenery and costumes were of the most primitive kind; the actors usually wearing some gentleman's discarded finery, while placards were posted up to indicate what scene was being represented. Some scenery of a very rude order was occasionally used, and there were even some attempts made towards stage mechanism. For instance, a stage direction of 1592 states that Venus should be let down from the top of the stage; and when she has finished her speech, it adds: "If you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage and draw her up."

It was under such stage conditions as these that Shakspeare, who enacted the part of the Ghost in his own "Hamlet," came on the stage clad in no grewsome apparel and proclaimed the startling fact that he was the spirit of Hamlet's father. Women did not appear on the stage until after the Restoration, and previous to that time female parts were impersonated by boys or men. Ludicrous

situations often occurred, and sometimes Juliets pined for their Romeos, oblivious of the fact that a week's growth of beard was plainly visible. Despite these limitations it must not be supposed that all actors were a clownish, uncouth set. Shakspeare himself was an actor of no mean ability, and still more famous than he were the great rivals Alleyne and Burbage. It was with the latter that Shakspeare was associated in the Globe Theatre enterprise.

Owing to the excessive rivalry between the different play-houses, one play quickly succeeded another. Thus when a theatrical company made a tour of the principal cities of England, those who heralded the players could not announce the fact that the production had enjoyed "a run of one hundred and twenty-nine days at the 'Curtain' in Shoreditch."

The bareness and simplicity of the Elizabethan stage offers so marked a contrast to that of to-day that we can not fail to be impressed by it. The modern habitué of the theatre enters a magnificent play-house lavishly decorated and brilliantly illuminated. He sees snowstorms so realistic that he is almost tempted to shiver. Horses and charioteers rush madly across the stage, and so perfect is the illusion that the spectator imagines for the moment that the chariots are flying around an actual stadium. Take away from some plays this spectacular mechanism and you have little left but vapid conversation. Again if you take away from plays of the problematic order the parts which pander to a depraved taste you have nothing left but a few empty platitudes. Thus it might be said that the modern drama is usually either mechanical or problematic.

The Elizabethan drama had its defects and they were grave ones. I have already mentioned the coarseness and vulgarity which pervaded it, and I attempted to account for it on the ground of the prevailing standard of taste. Bombast and sonorous rant are to be found in most of the dramatic productions of the time, but underlying all this there is a true spirit of poetry and a deep sense of dramatic passion.

Shakspeare being the greatest of dramatists, it would be unfair to take into consideration his works only, in studying the drama of Elizabeth. Besides him there were Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Chapman, Dekker, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and a host of others. The work of some of these men is of a very uneven

character, but on the whole a high standard prevails. The deterioration of the text of present dramas may be ascribed to the elaboration of scenery. When the playwright of to-day builds a drama, literary beauty and excellence are not nearly so important as striking stage pictures and intricate or unusual effects. Greater attention is given to what the characters will wear than to what they will say, and the enjoyment of the spectator is visual rather than intellectual. The earlier English dramatists did not make such accessories as dress and stage-setting over-weigh the text, and the audience cared little whether Hamlet was attired in brilliant red or sombre black, providing he gave his lines an intelligent reading.

No Odds Given.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

"I'm just awfully glad to see you, Dick. "Where have you been for the past eight years?" Mary rose to greet Richard Barton.

"I have been away," answered Barton. "I surely didn't look for this pleasure, Mary. Don't you know it is getting late in the year for one to sit in the park?"

"Yes, but I take a daily walk through here regardless of the weather. Come, walk up toward the house with me. That's right—walk on the outside, as I remember you were always very particular about such trivial conventionalities. Do you know you have actually grown good-looking, Dick?"

"So? You still know how to make a fellow think well of himself. Candidly, I don't think I have grown good-looking!"

"But you really have!"

"Thanks. Say, Mary, light gowns always became you, why have you taken to black?"

"Oh, because I am getting older and more dignified. When did you get back to the city, Dick, and where have you been all these years?"

"I have been away, I said."

"Hem. Somewhat indefinite!"

"Where have you been all this time, Mary?"

"Here!"

"Hem, that's definite enough!"

"Do you remember, Dick, when you and I led the Grand March at the Senior Reception?"

"I shall never forget it, Mary."

"That seems a long spell back, doesn't it?"

"So it does. Hello—there goes Carleton! Carleton has an automobile I see."

"Yes, Carleton has fallen to some money, or the money has fallen to him—it does not matter so much how. But tell me more about yourself, Dick."

"You know, Mary, I was never much of a person to talk about my own affairs. I've been working—and working pretty hard—during the years you have not seen me."

"Have you been successful?"

"Passably so."

"Oh, you were always such an enigma! Can't you be social for these few minutes?"

"I'm trying to be."

"Thanks for the effort. Dick, do you recall the time that I put aside five invitations to accept yours and when the evening came—you forgot to come after me at all?"

"No—did I ever do that?"

"Yes!"

"Mary, I really—no—did I ever act so rudely?"

"Yes! and do you recall the afternoon you came to see me and I sent word by the maid that I was not at home; at which you persistently came in and even stayed to dinner with my father and mother? I was at home all the time, but was determined not to give in. I ate a cold dinner that night."

"I mistrusted that you would!"

"And so you knew well enough that I was there all the time?"

"I felt pretty sure that you were."

"Speaking frankly, Dick, you used to pretend to be pretty dense, didn't you?"

"Possibly!"

"Anyway, you were always exceedingly aggravating?"

"Well, possibly!"

"Dick, who is that beautiful young woman driving up to the kerb and beckoning to you?"

"Hello—did you think you'd drive alone this morning, Mollie? My wife—Miss Holton! Mary Holton and I are old school friends, Mollie."

"Excuse me, Dick, but my name is Mrs. Wheaton. Oh, I was married four years ago!"

A Question.

Are you sure that we have met?—

Tell me is it true;

Walked I once in paradise

Or a day with you.

MACD.

Varsity Verse.

TO HIS SERVANT.

(Horace Carm., I. 38.)

Y OUR Persian finery, boy, I hate,
And diadems with linden bound;
Forbear to seek the spot where late
The rosebud ornaments the ground.

Adorn with naught the myrtle tree;
For greater joy could ne'er be mine
Than when you serve sweet drink to me
Beneath its overspreading vine.

G. F.

REVENGED.

Lee Street had been paved; so alderman Brown
Duly published the council's decree:
"One dollar a foot must be paid in this town
For all property 'butting on Lee."

Now on Lee raged a struggle of Brown against Cook,
But the language they used I'll not quote,
When the enmity came which neither would brook
Through the antics of Brown's billy-goat.

Mr. Cook on a stroll met "Billy" one day,
As the beast on the boulevard fed;
But the good man was lifted quite out of the way;
He was "touched" by the billy-goat's head.

Cook swore a revenge; and assessment was made,
But furious was Brown when he learned
That a four-dollar tax on his goat had been laid,
And directly to Cook then he turned.

"Explain to me, sir, what this tyranny means,
Such a tax on a worthless old goat!"
Cook drew himself up quite calm and serene,
And the council's decree did he quote:

"Remember your goat is a quadruped, Brown,
And that I'm right you plainly will see;
For 'a dollar a foot must be paid in this town,
For all property *butting* on Lee."

G. E. G.

AFTER GRAY.

"I am a gem of purest ray serene,
And trust to me thy favour thou wilt show."
But crushing fell these words from his fair queen;
"Then to the dreary caves of ocean go."

R. E. H.

THEN AND NOW.

The men who wrote in early days,
The prose and poetry,
Deserve for what they did great praise
From all humanity.

But nowadays some men who write,
Do not deserve such praise;
With fiendish zest they use their might
Humanity to craze.

J. J. M.

The Last Raid of "The Four."

J. L. CARRICO, '03.

Away back in the "good old days" of primitive Kentucky, when the people lived only here and there, petty thievery was so common in some parts of the state that it should have been set down in history long before now as one of the prevalent customs of that period. Indeed the corn-cribs, the meat-houses and the chicken-coops opened nearly as often to the midnight depredator as to the masters themselves.

Outrages of this kind are very seldom practised now, and "getting in" is more or less a lost art. Whether the change is to be attributed to the fact that the out-houses are more strongly built and better secured now than they were then, or to the more probable explanation, that there is less of the marauding disposition among the present inhabitants, we do not claim to know, but we do know how this raiding tendency was checked, and checked permanently in one particular locality.

Colonel Jack Colston was the wealthiest citizen of that section, and, as it so naturally followed, the gentleman of the community.

The Colonel kept a meat-house that was somewhat more tempting than the ordinary, and many were the furtive inspections it received from the "breaker," as he moped along the public road in front of the house. Still the very fact that it was the property of a Colston had always rendered it rather unapproachable even in the late hours of the darkest night—a prerogative that most of the meat-houses of the neighborhood certainly did not enjoy.

There dwelt back in woods and hills some three miles away a band of the "rough and ready" sort, known among themselves as "The Four," but by the people of the country around as Sted Grinnel, Dick Critten, Sim Woods, and "Middling" Mark Hardy.

This gang had done something more than justice to most of the farmers within many miles around, and had always prided themselves in showing how much they scorned the ordinary methods of thieving, such as moulding a key, "boring the lock," or "springing the hinges." Grinnel and Critten had long been regarded with some suspicion by their neighbours, for it was generally observed that

they did "about everything but work and pray," but they had always performed their tricks so neatly that they had invariably escaped detection.

In one of the business meetings of "The Four," Captain Grinnel pronounced it a reflection upon their profession—an injustice to the rest of the community—that a certain meat-house not many miles away should remain forever unmolested; whereupon it was unanimously agreed that some of Colonel Colston's hams should be "brought to camp." The details of the raid were arranged with a business-like deliberation that would have been worthy of a more honourable resolution.

"Now boys," observed the captain, "if we don't turn that meat-house wrong-side out, it'll be because it can't be turned. But you know it's risky business sticking our noses into Colston's meat-box—somethin' that has never been done before, and we may get more gray lead than red ham. When the Colonel goes up to E—town for December court we are going to the meat-house, but remember, that son of his is about as dangerous as the old man hisself. Still it will be easier dodging the bullets of one of them than both, and I don't guess the kid can shoot more than one of us at a time."

Some three weeks later Col. Colston went to E—town, as "The Four" had anticipated, to serve on a jury. As he would not return until Saturday, he gave Fred various instructions as to how he was to care for things while he was gone, cautioning him especially not to forget to lock up everything at night. Fred could be depended upon, for he was a young colonel himself.

Everything went on as well as usual during the first days of the Colonel's absence, but not so well on Friday night. About one o'clock four men climbed noiselessly over the back-yard fence and proceeded over toward the meat-house, pausing every few steps to assure themselves that their way was clear. Three of them were walking in line and bearing on their shoulders a long and heavy black oak sappling, while the fourth carried a large block of poplar. These were laid down quietly beside the meat-house, and after another general pause of some seconds, Sted Grinnel spoke in hurried whispers to his companions.

"Boys, we want to do this thing quick. Mark, you and Sim will hold the house up while me and Dick here dive under. If there's any sign of trouble stick to the pole if you

can; but if you have to run, light out, and me and Dick will do the best we can."

"That's a go," replied Mark Hardy, "but remember, I want at least two of the best middlings in there. (It is to be remembered that the meat-houses of that time were built of logs, in rail-pen fashion with nothing but the earth for a floor.)

They took the pole, two of them on either side, and, holding it nearly perpendicular, by united effort plunged the large end into the ground and beneath the bottom log, placed the block under and prized up the side of the house enough to allow a man to crawl beneath with tolerable ease. It was found that one man's weight was sufficient to hold down the end of the black oak, so Hardy performed this office while the other three crawled inside. A number of fine hams, sides, shoulders and sausages were fast being dislodged from the cross-beams overhead; the three were congratulating themselves and each other in low tones, but none the less "eloquently" on the rich haul they were making.

But in the meantime, some other people were not sleeping as soundly as had been thought. Mrs. Colston, always wakeful when the Colonel was away, was aroused by the growls, and low, but quick and significant barks of the dog, which for safety's sake, it is to be supposed, had been allowed to remain in the house. She awakened Fred and told him that she believed "some one was about." Fred arose, took the rifle from the corner at the head of his bed and went to the front door. He paused on the step outside, but could see and hear nothing. He then tipped around to the end of the house to find out if anything were going on in the rear. Listening a moment, he thought he heard a faint sound that seemed to come from the meat-house. He peered around the corner and soon satisfied himself that he perceived what might be a man, though it was too dark to tell what he was doing; but whatever he might be about, Fred knew that he had no business there. "I'll find out whether there is anybody there or not," he said to himself as he raised the rifle to his shoulder; "there are forty chances to none I'll miss, so I'll hit as close I can."

Meanwhile the work in the meat-house was nearly finished. The captain was still busy among the cross-beams, but Sim Woods was shoving meat of every kind through the opening to the outside, while Dick Critten had

stretched himself upon the ground and was making his exit. Just as he got his head and shoulders beyond the sill he rested a second, observing to the man outside: "Mark, this is the first time I ever saw a man on one end of a pole and a meat-house on the—" he saw the flash of a rifle and heard the sharp crack, but too late. Hardy fell from the pole with a shriek of pain; the peg flew up, and the house settled down upon his body. Woods' arm too was caught beneath the wall; the captain made a prisoner within. There was such a commingling of voices, groans, yells, and oaths that Fred could not imagine what he had done. Was it possible that he could have shot more than one? He went for his lantern. He quickly grasped the situation on his return. There was the pole; beside it lay a man wounded, he knew not how badly, by the bullet; he saw the half of another mashed and half buried beneath the house, and near him the hand and forearm of a third, who was yelling with agony on the inside, while he heard a fourth vainly trying to soothe the third, and release the caught arm.

Mark Hardy recovered from the wound of that "fatal night," but never sufficiently to hold a meat-house on a pole again. Sim Woods lived to an old age, though he carried but one arm; poor Dick Critten was buried two days after the attempted raid; Captain Grinnel alone was able to serve his term.

Our Homes.

We read much these days about what the school, the church and the state do for us, but not so much about the wonders wrought by our home. Yet the influence of the home is, or should be, greater than that of all other institutions combined. Because the home is the place of beginnings, its influence is most positive and permanent, and conditions to a great extent what other institutions can do for us.

Lessons in religion and morals learned at the mother's knee may be violated, but they can never be forgotten. To one who is true to them they are a source of real happiness; to one who is unfaithful they are an ever-present reminder that he should reform. I have in mind the case of an unfortunate young man, who, though brought up by very good parents, was led astray by a few bad companions. Between the first petty theft of the

boy and the awful crime of the man which caused his days to be cut short, he admitted, while waiting sentence of death, that he had passed some years of remorse. He had been trying to forget all this time, but could not, the lesson his good mother branded on his heart: "Thou shalt not steal."

Again, in the right kind of home is taught that indispensable virtue of a good citizen, respect for authority. It is a matter of common observation that children who have learned to respect the authority of the parent, later in life have the most reverence for all lawful authority. Without doing violence to their very nature they can not deceive themselves regarding their duties to the church and to the state.

In the home also are formed intellectual tastes and habits. One's language, one's love for good books, depends, to a very great extent, on the intellectual atmosphere of his home. A mother surrounded by her children, eagerly listening to the reading of a great masterpiece of literature, presents a truly beautiful domestic picture which might form the subject of a discourse for educator, clergyman or statesman. I once heard a twelve year old girl, a flower of such a home, narrate the story of *Hiawatha* in language more idiomatic and beautiful than is at the command of many a college graduate. In the little civilities that go to make up so much of our daily life, in our manners which can not be hidden, what a telling effect the home must have.

Abraham Lincoln, in some respects our greatest and most typical American, said of himself that although he had all the instincts, yet he never could become a gentleman. His great admirer, James Russel Lowell, was the most scholarly and cultured man at the court of St. James. One was the product of generations of culture; the other born of very poor parents, losing his mother at an early age, grew up among the rough frontiersmen of the great republic he was destined to preserve.

Our homes have indeed done much for us. If a college education is to be of large service to us it is because we have brought much with us from home. If we respect authority we owe it to our parents; if we love our faith dearer than life we may thank, after God, the deep-rooted faith and fervent piety of our parents. In short, all that we are and all that we may ever hope to be is but the flower and the fruit of the seeds sown at home.

W. A. BOLGER.

Our home training has a marked influence on all our actions. It is at home that custom and example first begin to mould out some form of character. The skill of the moulder depends upon those who make up the home. If the father of a family is honest and upright; if he strives to live as a good man should live, the children of his house, unless influenced by evil company from without, will love honesty and despise what is ignoble and dishonest. Examine the lives of great men, and you will find in nearly every case that they had a watchful mother or a good, noble father. The good example of these parents enkindled in the hearts of their sons the desire to become noble, learned, and honorable men. Their simple customs are the beginning of their children's education. "Certainly," says Bacon, "custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years; this we call education, which is in effect an early custom."

It is a lamentable fact that the great criminals of our country owe their crimes in great measure to a neglect of good home training. If we read the newspaper account of the life of some criminal who has suffered capital punishment, one chapter will tell us that he was brought up in bad surroundings; he had an evil father or a neglectful mother. These turned the course of his life in the direction of wickedness, and his end is not surprising.

A home which has been a place of evil training to a youth, can not be cherished by him when he has grown to manhood. He will look back to it with disgust. But what the good home has been to the youth, he ought to be to it when he has grown to manhood. If it has been the school wherein he was taught to aspire to greater and nobler things; where he was nourished and guided, he ought to love and cherish it, and all who have helped to make it a happy home. He ought to feel it a duty incumbent on him to protect and care for his father and mother. Bacon says "children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death." We should always remember that there is a compensation to be made. We can scarcely ever realize the care and anxiety a mother has for her children. O it is a most ungrateful act to forget a mother or father; to forget those who have cared for us continually; those who have scattered sunshine through our youth; who have made home a place of happiness; a

place to be cherished as long as we have a heart to love.

E. BURKE

It is a basic principle of civil government that the home is mother of the state. The idea is not new with the present generation. The theory was held by the ancient Romans, and with the Spartans it was the Alpha and Omega of their constitution. Even if to-day the home were not by its very nature considered sacred, and its influence of the greatest significance, there is no doubt but that the law would so regard it.

Why, you may ask, is the home such an important element in the making up of the state? In the first place, the home is the training-school for those who are afterwards to be members of the state; the home supplies the state with its citizens, and has everything to do with the forming and developing of these citizens. If a nation is weak, look to the home influence if you would know the cause; if, on the other hand, a nation is strong politically and sound morally bless the home influence for it. All great thinkers, no matter when they lived or what creed they professed, agree on this one point: that the home is the seat of society and the foundation of the state.

The home forms or deforms our character; it makes or it mars. In the home we learn the lesson of obedience; when we have mastered this we possess one of the requirements of a good citizen, the faculty of submitting to legally appointed and justly exercised authority. In the home the father is the great, good guide; he sees, he understands and controls. Now rebuking, now encouraging, suggesting or doing, he is ever strong and wise, always the guiding spirit. Closely allied to the father's influence is that of the mother. The father's sternness is tempered by her tact and gentleness, and the character of the child is not the less robust for the fact that mildness is one of its chief elements. The mother sees, more clearly perhaps than is commonly supposed, not only the virtues but also the faults of the child, and it is her blessed privilege as well as her sacred duty to infuse early into her charge a holy contempt of the low, a divine antipathy to the coarse, the vulgar, and to direct the young mind to ideals fixed on planes far above the level of the ordinary throng—ideals so high set, in fact, that at no time in his life may the child himself feel that he is near them.

Just as the home acts upon us and determines in a great measure the kind of life we shall lead, so do we have a reactionary influence on the home. We render home a pleasant place, beautiful and cheerful, or we make it gloomy—an abode of wretchedness rather than a seat of happiness. That we have the power to make home a spot of peace and joy there is no doubt, and when we consider all that home does for us we can not but conclude we ought to direct our best efforts to attain this object. Whatever misfortunes may befall the household, happiness need never be wanting; for joy, as we know, comes altogether from within and is wholly independent of any external condition. With God's great gifts man may be happy wherever he is if he only wills it. So in regard to the home, our chief aim should be to make all happy; to render the working of everything harmonious by bearing and forbearing; to exalt those around us, "Make a queen of your mother and God will make a prince of you;" to bring out one's own character in all its fulness, and cause that little state, the home, to be as perfect as the divine Mind would have it. What great things might we not hope for if the homes of the land were what they ought to be! No eminence of civil or moral distinction would be too lofty for us to attain; we should have citizens of the truest type, deeply imbued with a love of order and authority and unity; we should have men of that peculiar stamp, so rare and so noble that now a century is accorded imperishable fame if it numbers among its millions a handful of such men.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

In Holland.

GALLITZEN FARABAUGH, '04.

To one that takes pleasure in studying the country and domestic life of a foreign people, Holland must be an interesting place. With its landscapes dotted everywhere with curious windmills, with its peculiar methods of travel and transportation, with its quaint little cottages and their picturesque inhabitants—what country has such a charm for the tourist as simple, unique Holland?

I say unique Holland because it is so vastly different, in whatever way we consider it, from any other land on the face of the earth. The traveller readily observes its marked charac-

teristics, for Holland not only looks different from other countries but smells different. There is, if I may use the expression, a scent of butter and cheese in the atmosphere. When you leave Holland, no matter how brief may have been your visit there, you always miss it; you miss the oddity and quaintness which have impressed you so strongly. No two things could be more in harmony with each other than the curious little Hollander and his interesting country. They go together—if, in any sense, they can be said to *go*.

Imagine an old thatched windmill flapping its broad wings in the air, like some feathery monster which is trying to fly but can not for clumsiness; beneath, or near by, a plain but picturesque cottage, past the door of which runs a large canal carrying upon sluggish waters—everything in Holland is burdened—two or three lumber barges and a few skiffs; in the background a tract of meadowland cut up into several sections by innumerable little streams; a herd of cattle grazing upon its tough, short herbage, and you have the ideal Dutch homestead. Imagine on the other hand, a man, picturesque in appearance, rather small in stature, with cropped beard and serene countenance, pantaloons tucked in high-topped boots, and a broad gray hat, from beneath which wreathes of dense smoke curl skyward out of a curved clay pipe extending half way down his waist, and you have the typical proprietor of this homestead.

Seldom indeed is it that you see a fence, or anything that has even the appearance of a fence in this queer land; and more seldom still, except perhaps in the larger cities, are there roads or highways. Trenches filled with water, or, as we commonly call them, dykes or canals serve both purposes. There is scarcely a man that does not own a boat of some description, and he employs it always, even in travelling the shortest distances; for the Hollander, careful indeed of his entire body, is particularly kind to his legs; perhaps it is because they are so short.

He either propels his craft himself by means of a pole, or a faithful donkey, or dog, or cow, performs this service for him. In fact, sometimes even his wife becomes useful for furnishing the motive power for this conveyance.

I remember one day, as we were steaming up one of the many little streams, we beheld a sight which seemed most deplorable. Two

women with ropes fastened around their shoulders were striving their utmost to advance a heavily laden boat of thirty or forty feet in length. This fact alone was sufficient to arouse in us a feeling of sympathy for the individuals that were thus obliged to perform the work of domestic animals. The Dutch wife is not a helpmate but a "help."

But what was our surprise, may I not say indignation, when upon approaching nearer we saw, perched high upon the loaded boat, a middle-aged man contentedly smoking his pipe. His head was far back and he evidently seemed to enjoy the morning sunshine exceedingly, at the same time very much satisfied with the noble work of the women who were moving the boat at the rate of about a half mile an hour. This was not all. Around him on the top of the boat frolicked a large dog. Even the latter was deemed worthy to enjoy the luxury of a ride and to make the labour of the conveyers heavier.

This was by no means an extraordinary spectacle in this odd portion of the globe, as could be judged from the fact that, although the women were almost bent double, none of the inhabitants paid the least attention.

While I was contemplating this unfamiliar scene under a strong desire to tumble that indolent peasant on the top of the boat into the canal, I heard an American gentleman near me remark to a group of young ladies:

"That is the kind of wife to have in the family." And I am sure he expressed the Dutch idea exactly. The gentleman then related the romanticism in the life of a Holland youth's sweetheart a short time before and after she is wedded.

The gallant wooer enthrones his intended bride in his flat-bottomed boat, and they go for an excursion up the canal. Sometimes he steers the craft himself with his sturdy though not too willing arm, but oftener, if he is blessed sufficiently with this world's goods, he fastens his cow, or dog, or perhaps both, to the curious vehicle, and sitting at the side of his beloved whispers in gutturals the story of his affection. And strange to say, two months after the conditions are changed, and the bride may be seen drawing her spouse along the very stream and in the very boat wherein she knew such delightful hours only a short time before. And yet they say that leap year is of common occurrence in Holland.

Before each doorstep were articles which attracted my attention, and which at first sight

looked like miniature boats. Soon, however, my doubts regarding their purpose were dispelled, for I saw a woman stick her feet into them. Immediately I knew they were the wooden shoes of which I had heard so much, but I had not imagined them to be of such prodigious size and outlandish shape. That same day when we were at luncheon, we heard what we thought was the clattering of horses' hoofs in the distance, and we at once rushed to the door hoping to see a troop of Dutch cavalry go dashing by. Fancy our surprise at beholding only a group of school children just out from their classes. They all had strapped to their feet these monstrous shoes, and the irregular beating on the cobble-stones was the cause of our illusion.

Rotterdam is an exceedingly interesting city, and there, perhaps better than anywhere else, one can get a vivid impression of the industrial life of Holland. Although the city ranks high among the commercial centres of the country, the male inhabitants seem to do little more than smoke their clay pipes and bask in the sunshine. The city is a strange mingling of canals, streets, vessels, quays, dykes, sluices, drawbridges, and dogcarts; and as the spectator looks down its thoroughfares he can scarcely believe that such a conglomeration of creatures and vehicles can move with so little friction.

The dogcart is the great means of conveyance, although the donkey is also in demand. Sometimes a dog in front of the cart, pulling, and a man behind the cart, pushing, supply the motive power. Again, the owner may be seated on the cart while a member of the canine tribe, as huge as a pony, and accompanied by a little fox-terrier present a curious contrast in front. Although the little fox-terrier may be furnishing only a trifling part of the energy required to pull the cart, nevertheless the Dutchman grasps the truth that two dogs of any kind are for his purpose better than one.

Holland is truly a strange and wonderful land, but in spite of all its oddities and antiquated methods, there are those to whom the simple Dutch landscapes with their herds of cattle and their busy windmills, the countless little canals that cut through fertile meadows and teeming lowlands, the quaint little cottages and their still quainter occupants, will always be interesting. Not wholly untrue is the saying that it takes all peoples and countries to make a world.

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—The amount of prose and verse on hand each week for the SCHOLASTIC is far too scant. Not only should there be enough to fill the allotted space, but there should be a superabundance to select from. Instead, we do not know until the last moment whence the required copy will come. This is not as we expected, nor as it should be. Up to the present, the greater portion of the matter published, has been the work of a few regular contributors, and in justice to them and to ourselves, we feel inclined to protest. We would not do so were it not one of the objects of this paper to reflect the efforts of the many rather than of the few. Furthermore, we know the many who can write, and ought to, do not. Silence may be golden on certain occasions, but under these circumstances we think that their silence is wooden.

—The New York *Evening Sun* makes merry over a letter issued by the Corporation Counsel to heads of departments, instructing them in the use of English. The grammarians of the administration have suffered in spirit from the knowledge that the English of their assistants has been tainted by the public utterances of a certain local politician, whom, it is said, publishers are entreating to edit a book of Manhattanese. To bring about the needed reform, the *Sun* facetiously suggests that a regular course of composition, rhetoric and logic

should be prescribed, and attendance at night schools ought to be compulsory, otherwise Manhattanese will be added to the dialects of the world, and foreign nations will have to send us ministers and plenipotentiaries, a wholly needless expense. Would not the reform be more surely achieved by making the offenders read and study the *Sun's* editorials?

—The festival known as Thanksgiving, which all true Americans will observe on next Thursday, suggests an interesting question. How did it originate? The celebration falls on the Thursday preceding the close of the ecclesiastical year in the Catholic Church, and were it to come in Advent, Catholics, as a rule, could not indulge in the same legitimate festivities with which it is now kept. The selection of the day, therefore, seems admirably suited to their convenience, though it is not at all probable that their wishes were consulted by those identified with its early observance. Some authorities are of opinion that the festival can be traced to the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles or "ingathering of the fruits" at the end of the year, while others credit it to the Puritans who brought the idea from Holland where days of thanksgiving were not unusual. The Puritans were certainly the first to keep such observances in this country, though with them, the festival was a sort of harvest celebration. In 1632 a day of thanksgiving was proclaimed by the Governors of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth because a petition to the British Privy Council had been granted, and in the succeeding years of the seventeenth century, several similar proclamations were made. The practice was followed by the Dutch in New Netherland, by the English Governors in 1755 and 1760, and by the Continental Congress during the Revolution. At the ratification of peace in 1784 occurred a thanksgiving celebration of particular note, and again in 1789 when Congress suggested to Washington that the adoption of the Constitution be celebrated by a general thanksgiving. However, not until President Lincoln's proclamation in 1863 did Thanksgiving Day become a national fixture, and since that date every President of the United States has annually followed Lincoln's example. Of late years the early significance of the festival engages little attention. The day is kept after the manner of other days of rest and recreation, and serves throughout the country as

an occasion for family reunions and large social gatherings. To the small boy it is associated particularly with junketing on turkey, and much more interesting to him are the prandial delights that mark its celebration than all the items contained in dusty tomes regarding its history.

—In a recent issue of the *Literary Digest* appears a comment on the action of the Faculty of Hamilton College in declaring war on the use by students of English translations of the ancient classics. This action has evoked much divergent criticism, the larger part of which seems to favor the use of translations. A correspondent of the *New York Times* takes an opposite view, and says: "Let us drop either the text or the translation, for they do not go together. The reading of a text with translation in hand is a lazy device for cheating ourselves. One difficult sentence in a foreign tongue, wrestled with to a finish, is worth pages hobbled through on crutches." The *New York Sun*, however, declares that "a good translation is getting to be a necessary part of a really satisfactory edition of a Greek or Latin author." The evil results of the use of translations are often exaggerated. Very likely the men who are now our best Latin and Greek scholars did not overlook the existence of translations when they were going through college, but they did not use them to the exclusion of a dictionary, as some students are apt to do. It is the misuse of a translation, not the use, that deserves to be censured.

—A correspondent, discussing the causes of bad spelling, writes in the *New York Sun* of Nov 15: "I should ascribe it (bad spelling), in the case of boys at least, to the adoption in this country of the so-called Roman pronunciation of Latin, the most grotesque and baneful of modern educational fads, etc."

It is unfortunate that the vexed question of the correct pronunciation of Latin is to be agitated once more. It has been shown so completely that what the correspondent has been pleased to term "an educational fad," is the only correct way to pronounce Latin, that anything further on the subject seems superfluous. Modern scientific research has brought to light the fact that the Roman pronunciation of to-day began to be used

when Latin first existed as a language; that it flourished in the golden age of Augustus, and continued down to the year 600 A. D.

At that time the dialects of the African Gallic races supplanted the Latin of Cicero and Horace, as far as pronunciation was concerned; and to-day, as a consequence, we have the English, Italian and French pronunciations of Latin, opposing the old Roman pronunciation, which, owing to increased facilities for scientific research, was re-established in the early years of the nineteenth century. Old documents, manuscripts, and especially ancient inscriptions, attest the correctness of the present Roman pronunciation and prove conclusively to the unprejudiced, that it was the pronunciation of Virgil, Cæsar, and other classic Roman writers.

Some still cling to the erroneous method, and these we commend to a careful perusal of the "Noctes Atticæ" of Aulus Gellius; of Corssen's monumental works, "Aussprache, Vokalismus und Betonung der Lateinischen Sprache," which was crowned by the Royal Academy of Sciences, Berlin; of the works of the recognized authority, Theodor Birt; of Lindsay's English works on Latin (published in 1898), deemed a standard production by the best Latin scholars of the day; of E. Seelmann's "Die Aussprache des Latein," a special work on pronunciation. We would further remind them that the old Roman pronunciation is in vogue in all the high schools and state universities of the United States, and that recent European scientific works on Latin show that it is growing steadily in favor across the Atlantic.

—In a recent number of *The Saturday Evening Post*, Charles F. Thwing writes that the characteristic elements of the life of the modern world are unity, vastness and efficiency. By these qualities the world has reached its present high state of development, and a higher perfection in their application will ensure its further progress. For this higher perfection the world-life looks in great measure to the college. This demand the college seeks to satisfy, especially by its training of the individual man. It seeks, in the first place, to develop in the individual the power to think. This power is the greatest intellectual creation of the college. If a man through his collegiate training acquires the capability to think, to reason, the school has attained its

intellectual end. And this the college does when a proper use is made of the golden opportunities which it offers.

The second great aim of the modern college is to produce "the man of large and fine character." This is the supreme end of collegiate discipline. The man of strong moral character produces a most important and lasting effect on modern life. He it is who lays the surest and truest foundation for progressive development. He is the noblest product of educational labour and the one to which the college points with the greatest pride.

The most powerful factors in proper character building are the life and character of the instructors themselves. Every student feels a more acute sense of the value of right living when he views true and elevated models in the lives of his teachers. America has good cause to be thankful in this regard. The number of noble men who have given their best efforts to educational work augurs, not only a further progress in material development, but also a higher standard of moral worth.

The Varsity "Michiganizes" the Doctors.

NOTRE DAME, 92; A. M. COLLEGE, 0.

The gentlemen of the Varsity, overjoyed to find themselves playing on the home grounds once more, celebrated the event by piling up an enormous score on the Doctors from the American Medical College. Our fellows began their "runaway tactics" at the very start, and so completely demoralized the Medics' defense that every attempt to gain yielded, at the least, from fifteen to twenty yards. Long runs were made by every man on the team, and the touchdowns came so often and were made so quickly that a corps of mathematicians were employed during the second half to keep account of the score.

Even the timers became confused, and at one period of the second half, just after Nyere had made his sensational one hundred and six-yard run for a touchdown, our time-keeper, Pete Crumley, ran out on the field and announced to the Referee that Nyere had broken the world's record for the hundred yard dash. It took the Referee, thirty-eight bystanders, and "Lottie" Collins about five minutes to convince Pete that the contest was a football game and not a track meet. The officials and the press agents were the hardest worked men on the field, and several

times they became so exhausted that time had to be taken out and Dr. Butler summoned.

It was a bitter pill for the Doctors to swallow, but they fought on to the end, taking their medicine like men. The Doctors know a great deal more about the game than the score would seem to indicate. The swiftness with which our men got into the play was too much for them. On the offensive they showed up strong, especially on end runs. Once their star, Linberg, got loose from the crowd, and with a clear field before him headed for our goal. A neat tackle by McGlew saved us.

The chief feature of the game was the many long runs made by our backs and ends. Lonergan made two for eighty-five and ninety yards each; Nyere one for one hundred and six yards and several smaller gains; Doar two for eighty and eighty-five yards each; Kirby, sixty, fifty and forty; Silver, sixty-five and fifty; Fansler, fifty and forty, and McGlew, eighty, sixty-five and forty. On defensive work Joe Cullinan and O'Malley did splendid work. In two attempts to gain against Cullinan, the medicine men lost twenty yards. For the visitors, Linberg was the bright, particular star.

LINE-UP.		A. M. COLLEGE
NOTRE DAME		
Silver	L E	Hedermarch
Cullinan	L T	Linberg
Gillen, Coughlin	L G	Klingerworthy
O'Malley	C	Lawsake
Furlong	R G	Sheets
Steiner	R T	Clark
Lonergan, Doar	R E	Stevenson
McGlew	Q	Reverson
Fansler	L H	Hardwood
Kirby, Funk	R H	Mitchell
Salmon, Nyere	F B	Birch

Touchdowns—Salmon, Nyere, 3; Lonergan, 3; Silver, Fansler, O'Malley, Doar, McGlew, Furlong, Steiner, Coughlin, Gillen. Goals from touchdowns—Salmon, 6; Nyere, 6. Umpire—Fogarty. Referee—Sheets. Time of halves—twenty and twelve minutes. J. P. O'R.

Athletic Notes.

Kirby is back in the game again after a long siege of sickness. The "Sailor" is rapidly rounding into his old-time form. We hope to see him in good condition for the Purdue game.

The majority of the "Big Nine" members by this time have experienced the "run-away tactics" of Michigan, and have been swallowed up in the count. With the exception of Wisconsin, our showing was the best made against them this season.

Next Thursday the Varsity winds up the season with Purdue at Lafayette. So far, it has been a very successful one, and we hope to see Salmon and his men wind up in glorious style by defeating Purdue.

* *

Purdue is in excellent shape for the contest and expects to win. The efforts of their coaches and trainer have been to have them in prime condition for this game. The contest promises to be the best ever held for the State Championship and has aroused the greatest interest throughout the state.

* *

Figuring on "Dope," we do not appear to have any chances of winning. Indiana was smothered by Purdue last Saturday—35 to 0; the Varsity won from I. U. by but one touch-down. Let us hope that these figures "do not count for much."

* *

The DePauw team lines up against the Varsity on Cartier Field this afternoon. We should win; but the men from DePauw have the reputation of being hard men to down. They are the heaviest team in the state, and no doubt will give our light linemen some trouble.

* *

With Kirby back in the game, our back-field will be the fastest in the state and as fast as any in the West.

* *

Nace Gillen is laid up with a badly sprained ankle, received in the Medics' game. Trainer Butler expects to have him O. K. for the Thanksgiving game.

* *

Asked as to what he thought would be the outcome of the Purdue game, Coach Farragher said: "We've a lot up our sleeves. They will be sprung at the proper moment."

* *

McGlew ran back punts in great style last Saturday.

* *

Efforts are being made in several of the larger cities of the country by loyal sons of Notre Dame, to organize Alumni Associations for the purpose of giving material assistance to the Athletic Association. This is a wise move, and one that has found favor with Alumni of other universities. J. P. O'R.

Book Notes.

—In the *Catholic University Bulletin* for Oct. Mr. M. F. Egan undertakes in a masterly article to give as near as possible a working definition of literature. He says numerous and inadequate definitions have given rise to misunderstandings that have induced certain modern scientists to scorn literature as lawless. They believe Literature and Science are in conflict; and they attack literature instead of a phase of humanity that literature merely presents. Mr. Egan repudiates the definitions of such men as Louis Stevenson, Cardinal Newman, Matthew Arnold and Swinburne; but he takes particular exception to Professor Posnett's definition as set forth in his "Comparative Literature," because it has been so largely accepted and because the author assumes that it is scientific. Professor Posnett's definition is:

Literature consists "of works which, whether in verse or prose, are the handicraft of imagination rather than reflection, aim at the pleasure of the greatest possible number of the nation rather than instruction and practical effects, and appeal to general rather than to specialized knowledge."

To prove the inadequacy of Mr. Posnett's definition, Mr. Egan takes Dante's "Inferno," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and the first part of "Faust," and shows that it is evident that the object and effect of these three masterpieces is not to give pleasure. When Maurice de Guerin wrote the "*Centaure*," he did not write it for the greatest possible number of the nation, but for God, silence and himself through a desire of expression and not of communication.

Browning's "Sordello," and the "Ring and the Book," many of Shakspeare's sonnets, and Spencer's "Epithalamium," are beyond the liking or understanding of the greatest number.

When asked to give a definition Mr. Egan says: "I am not sure that the big word literature can be defined at all. I am not certain that the great and ever-changing subject it stands for will ever be rigidly described." He believes it is almost impossible to limit the term, because it is so closely the expression of life and the changing conditions of life that life alone can limit it. It reflects life in all its phases. Its form changes not only with every great impulse

of force, but with every slight change of emotion. It exists with thought, but is more than thought. It is not philosophy, or logic, or metaphysics, or history, or colourless truth, but it is impregnated with portions of all. It is minutely personal, but is more than the personal word alone; and still represents better than anything else the national life. It touches life at all points, but is more than the reflection of life. It responds to the slightest change of national temperature. It is at once the master and servant of life. While not giving any positive and absolute definition he says it seems to him that "to-day literature is the expression in writing of thought, experience, observation, emotion, mood, knowledge, personally expressed."

V. J.

College Clippings.

From Oregon comes the *Columbiad*, a monthly publication by the students of Columbia University. From our knowledge of the men who have the affairs of this paper in charge, we predict for it a high place among college journals. Long may it wave!

Dr. Hollister's football team at Northwestern is winning money if not games. Football finances at the Evanston school have been waxing strenuous during the four years of Coach Hollister's reign.

The Association of American Universities will hold its fourth annual conference at Columbia University on December 29, 30 and 31.

Purdue has forty-five men practising for the Notre Dame game. Their work is directed by five coaches. We'd better fasten a heavy anchor to that championship.

There will be no public sale of tickets for this year's Yale-Harvard game. The alumni of the two schools have taken all the tickets and are clamouring for more. About 37,000 have been pledged.

California rooters distinguish themselves at football games by wearing red crush hats. These serve as tickets of admission to the rooting stands.

Northeastern colleges now have intercollegiate leagues for football, baseball, track and field sports, fencing, golf, shooting, tennis, lacrosse, chess, hockey, polo, debating, oratory, rowing, cross-country running and ping pong.

Nebraska has challenged Michigan to a post-season game for the Western Championship, but will probably be ignored by the Wolverines. Nebraska defeated Minnesota early in the season, and has not been scored against this year; but Nebraska is not a member of the "Big Nine."

The students of the South Bend High School edit a monthly magazine, the *Interlude*, that would do credit to an institution of higher title. We would especially commend the tyros for the joyous, hearty spirit of all their work.

St. Louis is making a strong bid for the Olympian Games, scheduled to be held in Chicago in 1904. The management of the St. Louis Exposition protest against this counter attraction being held in Chicago, as it would draw a large number away from the exposition.

Cornell University, beginning with the Commencement in June, 1903, will retire all professors who reach the age of seventy during the calendar year. The retired professors will serve as special lecturers in their respective departments for five years. The salary for the first year will be that received at the time of retirement; after that it will be 1500 per year. Four will be retired by this plan next June.

In the big games on Thanksgiving Day the Westerners will follow the Eastern custom of using coloured toy-balloons to display their partizanship. At the Yale-Harvard games these balloons are used with telling effect. As the referee's whistle sounds for the beginning of play, thousands of crimson balloons rise from the Harvard bleachers and a mass of blue sails up from the Yale stands.

Chicago has thirty trackmen doing the cross-country runs. Yale has seventy men trying for the Freshman crew, and thirty-five men going through baseball practice. At Harvard there are seventy-five men doing stunts on the track; Michigan has eighty candidates going through Fall work.

Yale has fifteen football coaches, headed by Walter Camp.

Phil King, of Wisconsin, who has coached the Badgers for the past seven years, will take up the practice of Law in Washington next year.

Ice Hockey originated in McGill College, Montreal. Johns Hopkins University had the first team in the United States.

Personals.

—The Reverend Joseph Smith, pastor of St. Aloysius' Church, Glenville, Ohio, visited Notre Dame recently.

—Mr. R. C. Jones of Kalamazoo, Mich., who attended Notre Dame in '87, visited the University during the past week.

—Mr. William Grady, B. S. in Biology, '99, since graduated from the Rush Medical, is now practising medicine in Chicago.

—Mr. George McGee, Law '01, has the very responsible position of United States Land Commissioner at Minot, North Dakota.

—John Kavanaugh, student '97-'98, is captain of the Riverside Park football team which recently won the championship of N. W. Ohio.

—The Reverend William McMahan, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Cleveland, Ohio, was a welcome guest of the University during the past week.

—Mr. Martin O'Shaughnessy, a former student, who now represents the Globe Iron and Wire Works, Chicago, was a recent visitor to Notre Dame.

—Recent visitors to St. Edward's Hall were: Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Baude, Mrs. E. Baude, and Mr. F. Upman, Manager of the Victoria Hotel, Chicago.

—Mr. Charles Shillington of Chicago, accompanied by his wife, visited the University recently. Mr. Shillington was a former student from '96 to '97.

—Mr. John M. Spengler, student of Notre Dame, '83-'85, who is now prosperously situated at Winamac, Ind., was a welcome guest of the University during the past week.

—Mr. George J. Hanhouser, Law '01, has recently passed the Pennsylvania State Bar examination, and is now a "full-fledged limb of the Law." The SCHOLASTIC takes pleasure in the good news.

—Other visitors during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. Fischer, Paducah, Ky., Mrs. E. J. Wagner, Mrs. M. T. Piper of Stillwater, Minn.; Mrs. Frank J. R. Riple, S. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Philip Jung, Milwaukee; Mr. Peter Neeson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Mahoney, South Dakota.

—Mr. B. D. Heeb of Chicago recently sent the Minims twenty-four brace of ducks, which he bagged in Arkansas. The young gentlemen of St. Edward's Hall, it is needless to say, will enjoy the feast, and highly appreciate the kindness of Mr. Heeb.

—Mr. Oscar Freischmidt, who was captain of the baseball team in the 90's, and was graduated in Law, '92, has presented to the Soldiers' Memorial Hall at Notre Dame several cavalry and infantry swords used at the battle of Gettysburg.

—Mr. John Nestor of Baraga, Mich., a

student of the University, '80-'87, visited Notre Dame recently. Mr. Nestor was captain of the baseball Varsity in his day, and is now a successful business man and prominent politician of Northern Michigan.

—Cards are out announcing the wedding of Miss Flora Nell Wathen to Mr. Thomas Aquinas Medley of Lebanon, Ky. "Tom" was graduated in '99, was an editor of the SCHOLASTIC and an all-around good fellow. We take pleasure in extending our heartiest congratulations.

—The Reverend Edward Mears, irremovable pastor of St. Columba's Church, Youngstown, Ohio, was a very welcome guest at Notre Dame recently. The Reverend Father was a student of the University in the sixties; and his visit called up many pleasant reminiscences in the minds of the older members of the Faculty and Community.

—Mr. Hogue, the popular photographer of South Bend, has given an old spinning-wheel to the Historical Collection at Notre Dame. It is an object-lesson of the old-fashioned mode of spinning. Those in charge of the collection appreciate Mr. Hogue's kindness.

—Mr. Connor of Rock Island, Ill., has presented to the historical collection a large bullet taken from the submerged *Maria Teresa* by the German consul at Jamaica.

The Rev. M. J. Quinlan, President of Columbia University, Oregon, has recently presented a life-size photograph of His Grace, Archbishop Christie of Portland, Oregon, to the Bishops' Memorial Hall.

—The following translation is made from the *Montreal Press*:

On account of the increased number of students in the art course of the National University, the board has been forced to procure the services of an additional professor. M. Jobson Paradis, an artist of great talent, has been chosen to fill the position. He studied several years in Europe and in the United States. This appointment ought to meet with general approval. The students will receive all the personal attention possible to be given by the staff which now numbers four professors.

Mr. Paradis was for many years a professor at Notre Dame. The Faculty and SCHOLASTIC take pleasure in wishing him success.

—Flynn Bros. have started the large new Kensington restaurant, 306-308 State St., opposite Siegel-Cooper and Co. They occupy two stores 75 feet front and 140 feet deep. The restaurant has a seating capacity of three hundred. They can store a carload of provisions in their immense refrigerators. They employ a hundred people in their establishment. William, Richard and Albert were students of Notre Dame University '89-'90. The New Kensington is one of the very best moderate priced restaurants in the city. The furnishing supplies were purchased from Albert Pick & Co.—*Chicago Daily*.

The SCHOLASTIC takes pleasure in hearing of the success of Flynn Bros., and Mr. Albert Pick, mentioned in the *Daily*, was also a former student of Notre Dame. These gentlemen can bear witness to the fact that Notre Dame, as in all other things, is thorough in the business training it gives its students.

Obituary.

Having learned of the loss sustained by our classmate, Mr. Laurence H. Luken, through the recent death of his mother, we, on behalf of his friends at Notre Dame, tender to him and to all the members of his family, our sincere sympathy.

GILBERT F. McCULLOUGH
FRANCIS J. SHAUGHNESSY
WALTER J. GEARIN
LEO J. DWAN—*Committee.*

Local Items.

—The Spartans of Carroll Hall journeyed to Michigan city on Nov. 14 to play the High School team of that place. The Spartans won by a score of 6 to 5, but it was only after the hardest kind of a struggle. The Notre Dame players that especially distinguished themselves were Dolan and Lawton.

—B. V. Kanaley was in Indianapolis last Friday and Saturday representing Notre Dame at a meeting of the State Board of the Oratorical Association which was held at Denison in that city. Delegates were present from nearly all the colleges and universities in the state. The judges selected for thought and composition for the orations to be delivered in the state contest in February are Professors Baker of Harvard; Scott of Michigan; and Carpenter of Columbia.

—Hardly a day passes that does not mark some improvement at Notre Dame. Either an old building is being remodelled or a new one is in course of construction. The latest departure from the past has taken place in the University printing office. Under the able superintendence of Father Olmstead the press-room has been overhauled and enlarged and the ventilation vastly improved. The increased demands on the department have made these alterations necessary.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting, Wednesday evening, November 19. Recitations by G. Casey, J. Harrington and H. Fox, were well spoken. M. McKenna's description of Worcester was very good. Piano solos by J. Gallart and R. Goeke were also very good. Debate: Resolved, That foreign immigration should be restricted. Affirmative, Bosworth and Beechinor; negative, M. Kenefick and P. Weisse. Decision in favour of the negative. The orchestra as usual was very fine.

—AN EXPERIMENT, MAKE IT A SUCCESS.—The Michigan Central will run a special train to the Notre Dame-De Pauw game on Cartier Field, Saturday, November. 22. The train will

leave the depot near Jefferson Street bridge at 2:30, and will land passengers within two hundred feet of University Main Building; returning, will leave University at 5:00 p. m. Round trip tickets will be sold for 15 cents. Game called at 2:45. Admission 50 cents. If receipts from this experiment justify such action, a special train for the accommodation of South Bend rooters will be run to every game at Notre Dame, and the Notre Dame management will then be able to bring the big college teams here for all athletic contests. It's up to South Bend.

UNIVERSITY COURTS.

The University courts were organized in October, and sessions are held every Saturday evening. These are public, and students generally are welcome. Following is a list of the courts, together with the names of their respective officers:

MOOT COURT.

Judge, Hon. William Hoynes; Clerk, Edward F. Quigley; Assistant Clerk, Joseph M. Gaffney; Prosecuting Attorney, Francis E. Burke; Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, Robert E. Proctor; Sheriff, William P. Higgins; Deputy Sheriff, Francis J. Conboy; Coroner, George F. Ziegler; Deputy Coroner, Charles W. Casey; Referee, Omer D. Green; Jury Commissioners, Peter J. McNamara and Harry G. Hogan; Notary Public, Frank B. Hughes; Recorder, Raymond A. Stephan; Reporter, Francis A. McKeever.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Chancellor, Hon. William Hoynes; Clerk, John W. Dubbs; Assistant Clerk, Frank J. Lonergan; Master in Chancery, Harold H. Davitt; Deputy Sheriff, George L. Nyere; Reporter, Joseph L. Toohey.

JUSTICE COURT.

Justice of the Peace, Dennis T. Keeley; Clerk, John I. O'Phelan; Constable, Thomas A. Toner.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Judge, Hon. Timothy E. Howard; Clerk, Vitus J. Jones; District Attorney, Francis F. Dukette; U. S. Marshal, Joseph J. Meyers; Reporter, Nicholas R. Furlong.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

Commissioner, Edward D. Collins; Clerk, Edward H. Schwab.

JURORS.

Robert Clark, Francis T. Cleary, Gordon J. Churtis, Walter M. Daly, William Desmond, John Farragher, Clayton C. Golden, Earl F. Gruber, Frank J. Loughran, Thomas D. Lyons, Francis X. Jocran, Francis McKeon, Henry McGlew, John I. O'Connor, John W. Stanfield, Thomas J. Welch.